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form where more honour and truth were  
enshrin'd  
Than in his who has render'd thy waves  
dear to me!

And these are the paths, arm in arm  
where we've stray'd,  
As fondly I hoped we should journey  
through life;  
And here is the spot where with rapture  
he said  
He still bless'd the day which had made  
me his wife!  
O! green be the earth on this seat all the  
year;  
Still sacred to friendship and love may  
it be;  
Though oft its soft grass is bedew'd with  
a tear,  
No spot on the earth is so dear unto me.  
Enough, my full heart, from this scene  
let me go;  
Behold where the sun-beams dance bright  
through the leaves,  
Perhaps his warm influence a balm may  
bestow—  
Alas! no, this prospect more painfully  
grieves;  
For there stands the cot where each bles-  
sing I knew,  
Its walls through the green waving foliage  
I see;  
Nor could fancy picture a more rural  
view—  
Oh view! how belov'd, and how mournful  
to me.  
O cot, where I've tasted of joy and of  
woe!  
As great as e'er falls to humanity's part!  
My love in your walls did true happiness  
know,  
And there burst the sighs that at last rent  
his heart.  
Oh! thought full of anguish, for ever in  
view,  
With pain, thou lov'd dwelling, each  
beauty I see,  
But while this sad heart to its feelings  
beats true,  
Thou canst not be view'd with indiff'rence  
by me.  
The sun now declines to his western  
retreat,  
The grave tints of ev'ning steal over the  
lawn;  
O spirit, with whom this fond heart is  
replete!  
Dost thou e'er visit here, at the ev'ning  
or dawn?—  
Oh, heart-soothing thought! thou may'st  
now round me hover,  
And all my fond wishes be known unto  
thee—

BELFAST MAG. NO. IX.

For sure, if permitted, my life thou'l  
watch over!  
O spirit benign! shed thy influence o'er  
me.  
Wrapt in thought, as I stray, dark  
shades veil the sky,  
How awful these gusts of the wind through  
the trees!  
Methinks now each branch for my loss  
seems to sigh—  
More soothing these blasts than the zephyr's soft breeze.  
Ah! scenes dear to mem'ry! thou steals't  
from my eyes,  
Soon dark as the grave ev'ry prospect  
shall be,  
But morning, more glorious, to thee shall  
arise:  
Ah, can morn e'er euliven the wretched  
like me!

April, 1805.

DELIA.

## ON SPRING.

THE blackbird whistles joyful notes,  
And from a thousand little throats,  
What sweet, what varied music flows  
On every gentle gale that blows!  
Oh! this is rapture! this is Spring,  
When all is young, and all is fair,  
Who would not try with these to sing,  
And cast away all grovelling care!  
The dewy earth, gemm'd o'er with flowers,  
The warbling birds, the thick'ning bowers,  
The balmy air, the lengthening days  
All serve delightful hopes to raise:  
For now is hope, and now is joy,  
No fear of winter shall annoy,  
The present bliss, for every day,  
We know, new beauties will display.  
The branches now, just tipp'd with green,  
All dress'd in leaves will soon be seen,  
Now scatter'd birds most sweetly sing;—  
Soon with full harmony shall ring,  
The shady groves, and larks on high,  
Will, as they chaunt, approach the sky.  
'Tis thus in childhood's charming days,  
The mother views the engaging ways,  
Which, one by one, bud forth and blossom,  
She clasps her darling to her bosom,  
And present bliss, and hoped for joy,  
Mix sweetly as she eyes her boy.

ELIZA.

## LINES

To the Memory of the late John O'Neil, esq.  
of Banvile.

No longer Banvile, mourn as fair a name,  
As e'er to virtue laid an honest claim;  
But thank thy God, that he so long did spare  
A life so useful, and a friend so dear;  
Where dignity and sweetness well combin'd,  
To form and harmonize a perfect mind.  
O O